And let our army be discharged too,
And, good my lord, so please you, let our traines
March by vs, that we may peruse the men,
VVe should haue coap't withall.
Bishop Go, good Lord Hastings,
And ere they be dismist, let them march by. *enter Westmerland.*
Prince I trust Lords we shal lie to night togither:
Now cosin, wherefore stands our army stil?
West. The Leaders hauing charge from you to stand,
Wil not goe off vntil they heare you speake.
Prince They know their dueties. *enter Hastings*
Hastings My lord, our army is dispersd already,
Like youthfull steeres vnyoakt they take their courses,
East, weast, north, south, or like a schoole broke vp,
Each hurries toward his home, and sporting place.
West. Good tidings my lord Hastings, for the which
I do arest thee traitor of high treason,
And you lord Archbishop, and you lord Mowbray,
Of capitall treason I attach you both.
Mowbray Is this proceeding iust and honorable?
West. Is your assembly so?
Bishop will you thus breake your faith?
Prince I pawnde thee none,
I promist you redresse of these same grieuances
Whereof you did complaine, which by mine honour
I will performe, with a most christian care.
But for you rebels, looke to taste the due
Meete for rebellion:
Most shallowly did you these armes commence,
Fondly brought heere, and foolishly sent hence.
Strike vp our drummes, pursue the scattred stray:
God, and not we, hath safely fought to day:
Some guard this traitour to the blocke of death,
Treasons true bed, and yeelder vp of breath.
Alarum *Enter Falstaffe* *excursions*
Fal. whats your name sir, of what condition are you, and of

of what place?
Cole. I am a Knight sir, and my name is Coleuile of the Dale.
Fal. well then, Colleuile is your name, a Knight is your degree, and your place the dale: Coleuile shalbe still your name, a traitor your degree, & the dungeon your place, a place deep enough, so shall you be stil Colleuile of the Dale.
Colle. Are not you sir Iohn Falstaffe?
Fal. As good a man as he sir, who ere I am: doe ye yeelde sir, or shall I sweat for you? if I doe sweate, they are the drops of thy louers, and they weepe for thy death, therefore rowze vp feare and trembling, and do obseruance to my mercie.
Colle. I think you are sir Iohn Falstaffe, and in that thought yeelde me.
Fal. I haue a whole schoole of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speakes any other word but my name, and I had but a belly of any indifferencie, I were simply the most actiue fellow in Europe: my womb, my wombe, my womb vndoes me, heere comes our Generall.
Enter Iohn Westmerland, and the rest. *Retraite*
Iohn The heate is past, follow no further now,
Call in the powers good cosin Westmerland.
Now Falstaffe, where haue you beene all this while?
VVhen euery thing is ended, then you come:
These tardy trickes of yours wil on my life
One time or other breake some gallowes backe.
Fal. I would bee sory my lord, but it shoulde bee thus: I neuer knew yet but Rebuke and Checke, was the rewarde of Valor: do you thinke me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? haue I in my poore and old motion the expedition of thought? I haue speeded hither with the very extreamest inch of possibility, I haue foundred nineteene and od postes, and here trauell tainted as I am, haue in my pure and immaculate valour, taken sir Iohn Colleuile of the Dale, a most furious Knight and valorous enemy, but what of that? he saw me, and yeelded, that I may iustly say with the hooke-nosde fellow of Rome,
thee